CARLOTTA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CARLOTTA

A

TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

ROBERT ROSKOTEN, M.D.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS:
1880.

PS 2734
.R75

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by
ROBERT ROSKOTEN,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.
All rights reserved.

PRESS OF
J. W. FRANKS & SONS,
PEORIA, ILL.

TO

THE PATRIOTIC HEROES

OF OUR CIVIL WAR

THIS

DRAMA IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

Preface.

I dedicate this drama to our brave soldiers. Saving the Union they also saved Mexico. Napoleon was the common enemy of both. When, in the dark days of the Rebellion, gloom spread over the Stars and Stripes, an ominous speck, arising on the banks of the Seine, soon expanded as a war-cloud over sunny Mexico, casting its shadows over to America. Napoleon considered the time come for the realization of his ambitious dream to consolidate the Latin race, and to create a barrier to the predominance of the all-absorbing Anglo-Saxon element. The thunder of our victorious guns boomed the death-knell of the Mexican Empire. After the fall of Richmond the French had to go. *Qui transtulit, non sustinuit.* Maximilian, unsupported, fell. Napoleon's star, then in the zenith, began to wane, till finally it set on the bloody field of Sedan. — This episode seemed, to me, to present all the elements for a dramatic composition. Although I know, that recent events and living persons are not, as a rule, subjects of a drama, yet I think, I may be pardoned in this case, for the leading characters have nearly all disappeared from the stage of life. The Nemesis has overcome most all: the ambitious Napoleon, the haughty Bazaine, the unhappy Maximilian, the still more unhappy Carlotta.

Robert Roskoten, M.D.

Peoria, March, 1880.

CARLOTTA

Dramatis Personæ.

Maximilian.
Carlotta.
Napoleon III.
Bazaine, *French Marshal.*
Papal Nuncio.
Archbishop of Mexico.
Estrada, *Mexican Envoy to Miramar.*
Vidaurri,
Marquez,
Prince Salm-Salm,
Miramon,
Mejia,
Mendez,
Castillo,
Arellano,
Tabera,
} *Generals of the Imperial Mexican Army.*
Juarez, *President of the Mexican Republic.*
Alfonso, *his friend.*
Mitla,
Guenita,
} *Sun Priestesses.*
Jeanette, *French Vivandiere.*
Fritz,
Fernando,
Antonio,
Gardener,
Lisette,
} *Servants of Maximilian's Household.*
Two American Officers.
Four Guerrilla Chiefs.
French, Mexican Imperial and Republican Cabinet Officers.
Soldiers, Aztec Priests and Priestesses, Monks, Sisters of Charity, Peasants, Etc.

SCENE OF ACTION:

Miramar, St. Cloud, and various places in Mexico.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

(*Chateau and park of Miramar. A triumphal arch bearing the letters M. and C. formed of flowers. Gardener and others at work hanging up festoons.*

GARDENER.

The Royal Pair has left the chateau now, and soon they will be here. Be quick, Antonio; put this garland in a better shape. Now all is done. But what's the matter, Fritz? Thou look'st so melancholy.

FRITZ.

And must I always grin like thee?

ANTONIO.

What does he mean?

FERNANDO.

Next Sunday he will preach!

FRITZ.

No time for joking now; ere long we all must leave this place.

ALL.

How is that?

FRITZ.

Are you so blind to all that's going on? Couriers are ever going to and fro, and men of dark complexion, with black, piercing eyes, and foreign mien, were closeted for hours with the archduke. Besides, there is a rumor rife, that far away in Mexico the people want our Max for emperor.

ANTONIO.

They must think him a fool!

FRITZ.

A crown is like a snake; you hate it, still it charms. But there they come!

(*While Maximilian and Carlotta are approaching the arch, a group of peasants come forward strewing flowers.*)

CHORUS.

Spring has arrived, birds' song and flowers
Herald the fair and welcome guest;
The sun shines warm, and verdant bowers
Invite us to their shade and rest.

This lovely place, once wild and dreary,
Within the grasp of cliffs confined,
Comforts the great, protects the weary,
Who love and kindness always find.

There now reflects the chateau's tower,
Vibrating in the placid bay;
The fountains throw, with secret power,
Their crystals high in sparkling spray.

Thou, royal pair, hast built this castle,
This paradise of magic charm,
That there benevolence may nestle,
And us protect thy helping arm.

We bring, therefore, in all devotion,
The brightest blooms from field and grove,
And offer them, with deep emotion,
As signs of gratitude and love.

MAXIMILIAN.

For this expression of your love, we thank you all and every one. Go to the chateau now and be the guests of Miramar!

(*Peasants and servants exeunt.*)

GARDENER.

(*Presenting roses to Carlotta.*)

Your Royal Highness will, I hope, find pleasure in this new variety of rose.

CARLOTTA.

How beautiful they are; their color red like blood! Have they a name?

GARDENER.

They are called the roses of Puebla by her majesty, the Empress of France, in honor of the capture of that place.

(*Exit.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

The day is clear and bright; a glittering sheet and silver-like appears fair Adria. The lively streamlet runs here murm'ring through the rocks; there shines the golden light upon the fountain's spray, and all the tropic plants thrive in luxuriance fair. How bland the air, while from the groves resounds the song of nightingales. My heart clings to this place! But what sudden storm of thought has conjured up those clouds upon thy brow?

CARLOTTA.

Look at these flowers, Max!

MAXIMILIAN.

Roses—beautiful like all.

Carlotta.

Yet do they visions of that distant land evoke whence springs their name. They are the roses of Puebla.

Maximilian.

Again, again that dream of Mexico! Unhappy land since Cortez burnt his fleet upon that fatal day! Naught I can learn, can reconcile me to that ambitious scheme. Aside from this, I hate to wear a crown through popular grace, still more to take it from the hands of *him*, the parvenu, who is an arch-foe of my house.

Carlotta.

The sparkling diamond goes through many hands, not always clean, and yet with value unimpaired. Thou dost contemn the plebiscite, but was my father not elected to the throne? Did Louis Philippe, my grandsire, disdain to wear the diadem, which he received from France, though royal blood pulsated in his veins?

Maximilian.

Well do'st thou argue. But both in France and Belgium all was congenial to the king; far otherwise in Mexico. The mass there is of Indian blood, and deep in degradation sunk. Dread anarchy has ruled the land since Spain dominion

lost. The creole there doth vaunt himself above the Aztec race, but is more partisan than patriot.

CARLOTTA.

But what are trifles such as those to him whose will is strong? Thou art of Hapsburg blood, and willst consume thy life in an idyllic dream? There is thy heritage, which once, as jewel fair, shone in a Hapsburg's crown. Behold the open page, unwritten, white and blank, the lines already drawn! Make history and write — use pen and ink, or sword and blood!

SCENE SECOND.

(Cabinet meeting in St. Cloud.)

NAPOLEON.

Almonte duped us all; too much have we procrastinated. This war, protracted as it is, was never popular. No allies have we found in Mexico; instead of gratitude, they show us enmity. The clergy there alone wish us success, and hope through us, their power to regain; but far from having friends they are themselves despised. Had we known this before, instead of the small force of

Lorencez, we would have sent our Forey with his troops. The exiles, Miramon and Almonte, persuaded us that Mexico would hail with joy the intervention of our arms. Saligny, even he, our own embassador, Almonte's friend, confirmed their words. (*Impatiently.*) Let us review once more this Mexican affair.

THOUVENEL.

Sire, when Forey entered the capital of Mexico, he changed at once the whole programme. Though he flattered the clergy, he put no trust in them; he made friends, he dared not use. In accordance with your will, notables were assembled to determine the form of government, and then to vest the execution in three citizens.

NAPOLEON.

Who are the chosen persons?

THOUVENEL.

Generals Almonte and Salas; —— Labastida, archbishop.

NAPOLEON.

Forey did well; this trio will not fail to realize our plan. What next?

FOULD.

Sire, a new loan is to be raised.

NAPOLEON.

This comes inopportune. The chambers will oppose, as ever they have done of late, and eagerly seek for new embarrassments. If possible at all, I wish this loan delayed.

FOULD.

The war in Mexico has already absorbed two hundred million francs, the decouverts increased about the same amount, while our resources are to their utmost strained.

(*Enters a messenger with a dispatch.*)

NAPOLEON.

(*After reading.*)

Messieurs, the monarchy has been proclaimed in Mexico, and Maximilian chosen emperor. Will he accept?

THOUVENEL.

'Tis very doubtful, Sire, though all the avenues that lead to his consent have carefully been paved. He scorns the lack of all legitimacy, and furthermore,—and—and—

NAPOLEON.

Ah, I understand and shall attend to it. Now let the press herald good news from Mexico; prospects encouraging; all provinces appeased; finances

flourishing, and our troops esteemed as saviours of the land. Should any journal dare to bring reports inimical to our policy, let it be quickly suppressed. À revoir, Messieurs.

(*Ministers exeunt.*)

That constellation on the northern horizon does beam no friendly light on me; my star grows pale by it, and soon will fade from sight. Thou Anglo-Saxon race I love thee not, but my affections all are centered in the Latin tribe, and I aspired to place once more the sceptre in its hand, with which it once did hold the world in awe. But thou, my noble France, alone thou art the living trunk; the branches of that tree have fallen in decay and now are nearly dead. Our opportunity is lost of interference in American affairs. The North has since awoke, and with victorious arms will soon subdue the South. Then will a countless host of veterans swell Juarez' ranks, and our position then become untenable. If the archduke, Maximilian, accepts the proffered crown, I am relieved. Yet is the thought abhorrent to his pride to mount, by popular vote, the throne, still more to take the crown of all the Montezuma's from my hand. But through Carlotta may we hope to gain that end. The Holy See, with benediction and with oil, will lend to her ambition wings that can all obstacles surmount.

SCENE THIRD.

(*A mountainous region with a volcano in the distance. A chapel on the roadside. Two sappers repairing a bridge.*)

FIRST SAPPER.

The zouaves have done quick work; all's quiet, no more firing. I bet my neck, the Mexicans are running now like deer before the hounds.

SECOND SAPPER.

They are like mercury; you put your fingers on —apart it goes, but soon unites again.

(*A detachment of French troops marches up with martial music.*)

CAPTAIN.

Is the road clear, sergeant?

SAPPER.

You can not pass this bridge; the rascals broke it up right in the rear of our tirailleurs. It soon will be repaired.

Captain.

(*Commands.*)

Stack arms! break ranks! — You seem to have hard times here, sergeant.

Sapper.

'Tis not so bad just now, though work enough is left, as the guerrillas never cease to block our roads.

Captain.

Have these banditti always been so troublesome?

Sapper.

A great deal worse 'ere we were reinforced. After we left the port of Vera Cruz, where we had lost so many from disease, we drove the enemy like sheep until we reached Puebla, where they were gathered in full force and strongly fortified. We tried to storm that place with all the bravery of true French veterans, but were repulsed, and then fell back. In Orizaba our troops entrenched themselves. The Mexicans had burned all magazines in their retreat, and so provisions were only to be had from Vera Cruz. The transport from that place to Orizaba took about two weeks and more, each way, and strong detachments had to march along to fight the enemy. Our rations became

small. The roads are bad enough when dry, but from the time of spring till fall it rains almost incessantly. The water from the heights in cataracts pours down through the ravines; the creeks become large streams and carry trees and rocks with thundering, deafening noise. Too large for their old beds, they overflow the roads, while all the valleys show the aspect of vast lakes. We sappers had to work without relief, to make the damage good, build bridges, and so on. Hallo! there comes Jeanette, and just in time, as I am very dry.

JEANETTE.

Here's my canteen, so help yourself.

SAPPER.

There's nothing there, no single, warming drop. You foraged bad, Jeanette! Have you forgot the sutler's trade in Mexico?

JEANETTE.

Not quite; but where to get my stock? In Africa, you know, in Italy, and in the Crimea, I always helped you out. But here in Mexico the people run away 'ere I am near, will neither give nor sell, but hide their goods too well. Up yonder there I spy some portly capuchins; where ducks

and geese appear, the water is not far, so these good monks are sure not distant from the wine. Adieu!

(*Come two Sisters of Charity.*)

CAPTAIN.

As apparitions from above I meet you, venerable sisters, here again. In Solferino's hospital, where, through your tender care, my health returned, I saw you last. Accept once more my heartfelt thanks. But, may I ask, what brought you here, fatigued and yet afoot?

SISTER AMANDA.

We were assigned for duty in Puebla's hospitals. The road up here is very steep, and so we left our coach, to lighten it for the poor mules.

CAPTAIN.

Always the same kind hearts!

(*Spreading his mantle on a rock.*)

Here is an humble seat upon this barren rock until your coach arrives.

(*Two shots are fired by guerrillas from behind the rocks. One sapper drops down dead.*)

Tambour, alarm!

(*Drummer beats alarm.*)

Quick, form your ranks; Lieutenant Blanc patrol these hills, while I advance here on the road. March! march! (*Staggering.*) What makes me feel so dizzy all at once? My trembling hand can scarcely lift the sword, and everything is growing dark before my eyes!

A SOLDIER.

Our noble captain, he is shot!

SISTER AMANDA.

Friends, let him gently down here on this rock, where kindly he prepared a seat for us. Give him a little wine, Sister Eudynia! Now lean him slightly back against this sloping cliff. I fear, there is no hope. The lips are turning pale, his breath irregular and short; the pulse — — — now it is gone! Poor, gallant officer!

(*The chapel bell rings.*)

Song of the Capuchins: Ave Maria! *Chorus of the Soldiers, Sisters joining:* Ave Maria!

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

(*Hall in the Chateau of Miramar, decorated with Mexican, French, and Austrian flags. Mexican deputation, headed by Guiterez de Estrada, consisting of twenty persons.*)

ESTRADA.

Again, Your Highness, is reserved to me the honor to make known to you the wish of Mexico. The people, by an overwhelming vote, have chosen you for emperor, endorsing thus, in full, the choice made by the notables before. Your Highness promised your consent only in case the nation would manifest its will, so as to leave no doubt of its free vote. This has been given, with a full accord, for you, and thereupon this deputation has been sent to offer you the crown. We are convinced that, under your wise reign, the future of our country will be bright. As chosen emperor, I greet you now, the noble offspring of a dynasty whose motto is: "*Justice the foundation of empires.*"

Our people, be assured, would welcome you most heartily with gratitude and love.

MAXIMILIAN.

Since by your vote you have made manifest your will, and the required guarantees are furnished by the Emperor of France, I solemnly accept the crown. Prince of that line, which, centuries ago, ruled over Mexico, I never shall betray the confidence which thus the people have reposed in me.

ESTRADA.

In the name of the Mexican nation, I thank your majesty for the acceptance of the crown.

MAXIMILIAN.

In the presence of the Almighty God, I swear upon this holy gospel, that it will always be my aim to make my people happy according to the best of my ability. I also promise to protect the liberties and independence of the country under all circumstances.

ESTRADA.

In the name of Mexico, I swear the oath of allegiance to your Majesty.

MAXIMILIAN.

It is our pleasure to affix the Grand Cross of the Mexican Order on your breast.

ALL.

Hail the Imperial Pair!

PAPAL NUNCIO.

The Holy Father sends his congratulations first; then he invites your majesties to visit Rome, in order to receive his blessing there. His prayers rise incessantly to God, that you may be successful in your work, and all your thoughts embrace the nation's weal, that are so dear to him as faithful Catholics. Their rights are great; justice is due to them, but greater yet, and holier, the rights due to the church, the immaculate, eternal bride of Jesus Christ.

MAXIMILIAN.

We shall not fail to see His Holiness, feeling in need of his great grace.

PAPAL NUNCIO.

Let us go to the chapel now, where a Te Deum will be sung to consecrate this great event.

(Change of Scenery.)

(Chateau and park of Miramar.)

FRITZ.

What now about my prophecies?

ANTONIO.

Impertinently true they were. Bang! Bang! I'm nearly deafened by that cannonade. Themis, the French frigate, she had the biggest mouth.

FERNANDO.

The chateau's guns replied to the salutes of all the men of war.

GARDENER.

Who ever would have thought of such a spectacle here on this peaceful spot. My roses shook their heads and lost their fragrant leaves. Poor children of my care, I have to leave you soon, and who will tend you then so carefully as I? My hands are full of work, as many of my pets I wish to take along. Homesick they will become, I fear, their rosy cheeks will soon grow pale, when far away from charming Italy.

ANTONIO.

Two flags, like twins, of different colors though, are floating in the breeze, high on the tower's top!

FERNANDO.

The Mexican, look there, gets tangled to its staff, while proud the eagle flies of our Austria!

ANTONIO.

That foretells nothing good; besides, I dreamed of goats.

FRITZ.

There are enough of them in Mexico. But here my sweetheart comes. Lisette, why do'st thou hurry so?

LISETTE.

(*Carrying a basket filled with fruits.*)

Don't rob me of my time, it's measured short to me. We have to pack our trunks and soon must all depart.

(*Cries.*)

FRITZ.

Not so; we both will stay behind.

LISETTE.

I can not leave my mistress in these times. When she arrives in that far distant land, where every face she meets is new and strange to her, she will be glad to get a sight of me once more, though being only servant-girl, I am so far beneath her.

FRITZ.

I do my work alike for farmers, knights, or kings, and not a particle weighs the whole difference. Who cares for us? When we build up a

home, no royal hand will lend us any aid. As tail on a large kite they drag us all along. I'd rather go in ways convenient to myself. The pest on all the yellow Mexicans! I would they had been drowned like cats before they ever reached the shore of Miramar. Stay here, Lisette!

LISETTE.

Our means united are but very small, while in the service of her majesty we are well paid. Go thou along with us! A single year, or so, will offer us a chance to save some pennies for our future home. Don't look so gloomy, Fritz, thou mak'st these apples rot. Try this one here!

FRITZ.

Red cheeked,— not treacherous? — I bite!

LISETTE.

Now wilt thou go with us?

FRITZ.

Because I must.

ANTONIO.

Fritz knows America; he has been there before.

GARDENER.

What in the world induced him to go there?

ANTONIO.

Tell us, Fritz!

FERNANDO.

Yes, I'd like to hear!

FRITZ.

My tale is short. I whipped a nobleman, who tried to stain my sister's fame. With broken limbs they brought him back from where he came. The laws were never written by the poor, and so I had no wish to study their contents. Went to New York, worked hard to get along. Too much machinery. I hate all factories.

FERNANDO.

Are they no blessing for the human race?

FRITZ.

For the capitalists. Divide all work still more, make every man a slave, unfit for any thought or task conceived in his own brain, and he becomes, in time, part of the machine himself; — a nail, a screw, or wheel, old iron thrown on piles, when service wears him out. A blessing! Perhaps it will be so once in a future day, when laborers alone rule the machines. So I went South, worked on a farm, when the rebellion set the country all in

blaze. In Texas I was pressed into the ranks of the Confederates, but as their cause had not my sympathy, I soon ran off and came to Mexico.

FERNANDO.

What kind of country is it any way?

FRITZ.

It's large enough to show a great variety of soil. Low lands, where sickness reigns, lean on the side of snowy mountain-chains, while sterile table land extends for many hundred miles. Volcanoes are there too.

LISETTE.

What kind of fruits are they?

FRITZ.

They are mountains, high or low, which sometimes spit out flames of fire, or ashes, smoke or steam, just as it comes, even fish.

ANTONIO.

And cod-liver oil for love-sick people like thyself?

GARDENER.

What kind of people are the Mexicans?

FRITZ.

Ask first on what they live, and what they drink, then thou wilt know.

GARDENER.

I can not see what food can have to do with character.

FRITZ.

More than thou dream'st. Go to the states of North America, where everybody gets his full, square meal, and there is spunk and lively enterprise, while the poor Mexican remains in lethargy. And pulque they drink, made of agave juice.

FERNANDO.

Is it a wine?

FRITZ.

Bless thy stomach whenever it gets in. It brought the chills on me. Pour a small bucketfull down into hell and all the devils will commence to shake.

GARDENER.

Terrible that drink must be, indeed. What is the common food in Mexico?

FRITZ.

They live on goats, and all like onions far too well.

SCENE SECOND.

(Same as in Act I, Scene Third. Mexican troops marching along. Juarez and staff.)

DOBLADO.

So we are here again, but what a change! When last we passed this road our breasts swelled high with hope, our troops elated with their victories, and now? Hardly five hundred men we can review!

JUAREZ.

Never despair! 'Tis true, we lost the capital after Puebla fell, whose brave defense may comfort us for its great loss. Our forces are not drilled as well as those prætorians from the East, and our officers not as reliable; if better led, our troops would prove, in time, inferior to none. They know for what they fight as true republicans. But who comes there?

(Alfonso led by Guenita.)

ALFONSO.

That bugle's sound I know; my friends are near!

GUENITA.

Slowly, Alfonso, mark well thou art still weak; the wounded leg may swell again and cause thee pain.

Juarez.

There comes Alfonso, sure, whom we did leave behind with shattered leg, entrusted to the care of Mother Mitla's hands. He once did save my life, when hired bandits tried to cut it short. Captain! Alfonso! Friend! How glad I am to see once more your honest face! But tell me, what miracle has saved your life and limb?

Alfonso.

(*Pointing at Guenita.*)

This friend nursed me for days and nights, and followed strictly the advice of Mitla, our sage, who has great knowledge of the art of surgery. Immersed for weeks in tepid water, the wound did well, the bones commenced to knit, and here I am to join my regiment.

Juarez.

You'd better not; your strength will fail, while here the kindest friends take care of you.

Mitla.

(*Appears from behind a rock.*)

You may as well command an avalanche to stop as this young man to keep from off the field. He is a "*Sun*," baptized for liberty. Then watch

Guenita's cheeks, whose roses paled away. A priestess of our faith, now she is lost for us. Alfonso stole her heart. If she has failed to hold him here, who else could then?

JUAREZ.

So let him take his course.

MITLA.

(*To Guenita.*)

Show these officers to their quarters; they and their men need refreshment and rest.

(*Exeunt Alfonso, Guenita and Officers.*)

JUAREZ.

Now we are unobserved, tell me, how stands the foe?

MITLA.

Our spies report him in great force advancing farther north, but you are safe for now. Our guides will lead you o'er a mountain path, by which you can evade the French, and on the way you pass a hidden cave, where arms, and wine, and bread are stored away for you. To-day take a good rest with us! How looks the future of our cause?

JUAREZ.

Bad, very bad, indeed. It's difficult to keep the remnant of the force beneath our flag. In scattered bands, and without discipline, they carry on the war, and rob both friend and foe.

MITLA.

Dark clouds may veil the sun a while, but finally his golden rays always break through. The enemy may spread himself far over Mexico, but never can it hold. Weak from the great extension of his lines, we keep him ever in alarm, attack him here and there, and if he concentrates, the territory falls again into our hands.

JUAREZ.

If every beating heart, that moves the fiery blood of our Mexicans, were as true as yours, no single foreign foe would ever dare to set a tramping foot upon our shore. My soldiers are all valiant and true; they, my old Indian braves, marched through hot plains and fields, scorched by the burning sun, and left their bloody prints on mountains' icy tops; shoeless and without bread, they never made complaints. Our officers are otherwise; proud of their Spanish blood, they only will command; obedience they hate. With great contempt upon the Indian they look; he is an

ugly worm, that creeps through grass and groves, touched by no tender hand, trampled on by every foot.

MITLA.

And yet the Indian comes from higher, nobler race, and ages since, he held a torch aloft, which beamed o'er all the world. When Cortez came with his blood-thirsty hordes, that golden age of intellect had long since passed away. It was their creed that proved so fatal to the old Aztecs, who held as race divine the Spanish conquerors, since they had come to them from regions of the rising sun.

JUAREZ.

Tradition tells us though, that the first teachers came from the far East to us. A man with white and tufted beard, of other race than theirs, appears therein amongst all nations of the West. The monuments and hieroglyphic signs give color to this myth, as they resemble much those of the Orient.

MITLA.

Had our side of mother earth no suckling breast, was it so dry as not to yield a single cup of wisdom's milk to nurse her children with? There are strong proofs, that here the light arose, from where

it westward went, like our own sun. When we lost sight of it, and darkness came, the eastern nations marched on in higher culture, from where its warming beams returned to us. When in my early youth my parents died, a convent took me up in Yucatan. There an old priest, observing the delight I took in languages, instructed me in Greek, in Latin, Hebrew, also old Aztec parchments we read through. One of them says, that well-established states existed in the West, when in the Eastern world men lived in caves and woods, still wilder than the beasts, whose traces they pursued.

Juarez.

Remarkable it was, that Cortez, when he came, found cities, monuments, and other works of art, though there could ne'er have been communion with the East; no vessel ventured out far on the boundless sea.

Mitla.

For all there is strong proof that it was so Deep in the nation's heart tradition found its way from grey and olden times, that islands of large size, perhaps a continent, arched once from East to West the stormy, rolling sea. Our planet breathes slow, so centuries may pass before they reappear. Civilization is much older than you

think. What we call history, remote antiquity, is all of modern date. The Greeks claim as their own what from the Nile they got; from Babylon the Jews their creed obtained, and long ere the Exodus, the Decalogue was hewn deep in the hardest rocks. Ages had rolled away since culture reached its height, long ere these nations lived. That slandered serpent was the mentor of the world, sign of eternity, worshipped by all; as Zodiac it moves still in the boundless skies!

(*Procession and song of the Capuchins:*)

Veni Sancte Spiritus!
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni pater pauperum!
Veni dator munerum!
Veni lumen cordium!
Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium,
Sine tuo lumine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.
O Lux beatissima!
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium!

Juarez.

What means this sluggish song? In vain it seeks to fascinate my soul with fervent words, which once my heart enchained. There was a time when faith my reason veiled, and, rose-bud like, the cheeks of hope in tender red appeared. Faith, hope, are gone, and love made room for hate, since by the treason of this very church our native land is ruled by foreign foes. Now that the pillars of my faith have crumbled into dust, my soul has naught but dismal ruins of her shattered creed to muse upon.

Mitla.

I understand your feelings well, but still there is a balm, which you can find by us.

Juarez.

It were from bad to worse. I know there are some germs of ancient faith still kept alive since Montezuma's reign. The church has gained the Aztecs, not by love, but brutal force, and never it has found deep root in the Indian's heart. Yet without moral worth, of superstitions full, their faith is heathenish and bad.

Mitla.

'Tis true, only the shade of former greatness gone, a mere relic, like the pipe of the red, savage

man up farther north, who came much later than the Aztec race to this new world. The Tatar smokes his pipe towards the sun; the northern Indian does the same, and both invoke that luminary's aid. And can we not trust that pipe of peace far more, than all the oaths which christians swear upon their holy book?

JUAREZ.

And yet the Aztec rites were stained with human blood!

MITLA.

'Tis true, alas, but were the Spanish priests averse to human blood? If every victim's sob could once again resound, the blood of martyrs flow anew, our ocean soon would lose its limpid green, its crimson waves be moved by horrid screams, while burning stakes send forth their rattling flames to fright the very devil from his ease! When we return to our holy source, the shining sun, the stars, and the broad milky way, when their bright light enters our chilly heart, and clears its dusky chambers from our ghostly fears, —then the young buds of hope shoot forth once more, and bring us back the golden times of yore. The brilliant stars, which form our Southern Cross, the nations farther north had more than once enjoyed, as Sirius a rosier light sent forth, and with

Orion's belt sank down on southern skies. Their priests were bound to watch the changing stars; when rain would fall, the rivers swell, the proper time for sowing, they could tell.

Such was their Holy See!

Watching that shining clock, unerring on the sky, the people worked and lived in perfect harmony. Much later sprung the Moloch service up, when men presumed to reconcile their God, since oft his wrath laid waste their blooming fields, and from the marshy swamps arose black pestilence. The ancient faith was never soiled by blood, and still exists in spite of christian threats. You and Alfonso, both, devoted to the Sun, baptized by Him, are our godsons now. Look at your left forearm!

JUAREZ.

I see a fiery mole, which always has been there.

MITLA.

Not always was it there; the Sun has burned it in through our sacred glass, and thus adopted you. Midsummer-day sets in, and our feast begins; come you along and celebrate with us.

(*Change of Scenery.*)

(*An ancient temple formed by a double stone circle; an altar, of one solid stone, in the center, showing a ring formed by the junction of head and*

tail of a serpent, and containing hieroglyphic signs. In front, on the altar, stands a golden figure of the Sun, with a crystal in the center. An abbot behind the altar, and twelve capuchins within the inner circle, twelve virgins, in long dark veils, within the outer circle. Comes Juarez led by Mitla and Alfonso by Guenita.)

A CAPUCHIN.

Who comes there?

MITLA.

We bring two children of the Sun.

CAPUCHIN.

Have they the sign?

MITLA.

They have.

CAPUCHIN.

Show me their arms! — The Sun is there, but who doth vouch for them?

MITLA.

I do.

CAPUCHIN.

Then they can pass. But as our sacred mysteries are yet unknown to them, you have to lead

them both outside the holy ground. From the deep shade of yonder oaks, whose glossy crowns now whisper secret tales of former times and love, they may observe the feast.

Juarez.

What means this mummery? I want to hear no mass!

Mitla.

Be calm, Benito! The church would to our order ne'er its sufferance give, hence the diguise. The convent o'er its priests protection throws, and we escape their watchful eyes; our humble huts they never deign to tread. Now follow us, and your objections all will fall away.

(*Mitla and Guenita, returning, join their number.*)

Abbot.

Is everything in order now, the temple well prepared?

Response.

It is.

Abbot.

Doth nothing vulgar and unclean this sacred sphere profane?

RESPONSE.

Here there is naught profane,
Our worship to disturb.
Since all are joined by chain
Of closest brotherhood.

ABBOT.

How is it with the Zodiac, are all its servants here?

RESPONSE.

There are twelve patriarchs on guard; for every sign stands one.

ABBOT.

And is the circle side of us for service now prepared?

RESPONSE.

Twelve virgins watch the other stars, while Mitla guards the moon.

ABBOT.

So let us solemnize this day,
As bade by ancient rite,
Cast all your undue robes away
And follow our light!

(*Cymbals and trumpets sound. The capuches and veils are suddenly thrown off. The Abbot appears now as High Priest, with the ansate cross, the Capuchins as Priests of the Sun, in light blue robes trimmed with gold; the veiled females as Temple Virgins, in black with silver, each wearing a star on a diadem; Mitla a crescent.*)

HIGH PRIEST.

Rolls our earth through space alone,
No sisters 'round the Sun-God's throne?

RESPONSE.

(*Of the temple virgins.*)

Since endless time, in boundless space,
In countless hosts, distinct each face.

HIGH PRIEST.

How do we know, that they are there,
So far from us in other sphere?

RESPONSE.

It is their light, that shows us clear,
That they exist, or far, or near.

HIGH PRIEST.

Therefore they shall be our guide
Through all the darkness of the night,
The twinkling stars. The wand'ring moon

With her full face, is vanished soon,
Till, when recalled by nightingale,
Her sickle shines o'er hill and dale.

(*Three Sun-priests advance towards the altar.*)

The reign of our sign is ended,
Bull, twins, and cancer, nearly gone;
The task, which was to us commended,
With all delight is fairly done.

(*Three other priests take the place of the former.*)

The Sun runs onward high and higher,
And soon begins the Lion's march,
His splendid orb comes nigh and nigher
The summit of his royal arch.

Then soon he seeks the fairy virgin,
Near by the equinoctial cross,
Who shows at night her brilliant girding
And ripens grain and fruits by force.

HIGH PRIEST.

Is our earth prepared and waiting
To meet her Lord again this year,
When he, to celebrate his wedding,
In all his splendor will appear?

Chorus.

Her velvet carpet of soft mosses
Is fairly spread, and lilies white
Lisp to the wild and fiery roses,
Till Philomela wails to-night.

High Priest.

When mother earth in youthful slumber,
Full misty dreams, in fog yet veiled,
Still unknown to the countless number
Of sister worlds, through heaven sailed,

From out her trance she was awoken
By a magnific flash of light,
And, with great fear and terror stroken,
She trembling changed her course to flight.

A fiery eye was kindly beaming
Upon her tender form above,
In vain she strove, its light so gleaming
Held her fast bound in ties of love.

She blushed, then glowed, became incended,
In flames she went her bridal way;
At last the Lord became offended
With mother's close and chaste array.

He tore the belt away, the golden,
Which then the virgin's waist adorned,
And flung it far from her, that molten,
A giant ring was newly formed.

CHORUS.

Since in the air, o'er seas and mountains,
Sails without oars, and without mast,
The silent moon, to reach the fountains
Of mother's kind and nursing breast

Without a spring, a lake, or ocean,
She draws the tides onward to her,
But warms them not in their commotion,
Her dead-like face chills sea and air.

No bird sings in her morning hours,
No fish appears with glittering scales;
No air to breathe; no fragrant flowers
Can give of life's sweet dream their tales.

But without rest our loving mother
Breathes life in animals and plants;
Changing from low to higher order,
Till last the man reflecting stands.

(*The sun, slowly ascending, has now reached his highest point, and by means of the holy crystal lights the offering.*)

High Priest.

Hail and glory,
He is coming!
Watch the altar,
Watch the light!

Chorus.

Hail and glory,
Clouds are rising,
And the light will soon appear!
When the smoke is thus ascending,
Then the fire must be near!

High Priest.

Are we not here to meet our Master,
To glance into his holy face?
Beat our hearts for joy not faster,
In thankfulness for all his grace?

With kindness nursed on mother's bosom,
We wait full joy for father's bliss,
While every fruit and every blossom
Grows fuller from his fiery kiss.

'Tis not the fire we do worship,
We must adore its source alone;
While life from there is always streaming,
Cold death appears when it is gone.

CHORUS.

While life from there is always streaming,
Cold death appears when it is gone.

HIGH PRIEST.

Who can understand the boundless
And eternal universe?
Who the stars, that roll in countless
Numbers through their distant spheres?

All the Suns are sparkling jewels
On the garment nature wears;
Life and death, and their renewals,
Keep it always bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Life and death, and their renewals,
Keep it always bright and fair.

(*The flame appears on the altar.*)

HIGH PRIEST.

O mighty glowing Sun!
In thy eternal run
Thou call'st to life new-born,
All hopes that were forlorn.
Thou draw'st from out the sea
The clouds, and fill'st with glee

Our hearts, when from thy face
The bow reflects thy grace.
Holy source of light,
Conqueror of night,
Be ever our guide!

Chorus.

Be ever our guide!

High Priest.

Bring forward our novices!

(*Juarez and Alfonso are led to the altar.*)

As godsons you have seen our services. The higher mysteries of our faith are veiled in parables from vulgar gaze. They all will be revealed to you. But answer first, if you will join our band!

Juarez and Alfonso.

We will!

High Priest.

In presence of this holy flame you have to pledge your word to render to our rules obedience strict, and never to reveal its secret rites.

Juarez and Alfonso.

We pledge our word!

HIGH PRIEST.

(*Handing a sword to each of them.*)

These swords are old relics. Juarez, yours is made of bronze, adorned with emblems of our sun; its handle short, to fit the smaller Aztec hand. Alfonso, yours is not of earthly stuff; as meteor it came from worlds beyond our reach. Now cross the swords!

(*High Priest invokes the Sun.*)

Thou bright and mighty Sun, send down thy golden rays, and fill with love the hearts of these new servants of thy light! Let them be just to all, and only draw their swords for liberty and right!

(*He lights his staff, which serves as a torch, on the fire of the altar, and all the priests do likewise. After their torches are lit, they turn the light over to the Temple Virgins, who also light their flambeaux.*)

The holy rounds we now will march,
To symbolize the heaven's arch.

(*The High Priest remains in the center, while priests and priestesses march around the altar in opposite directions.*)

CHORUS.

Guard the light, see that it burns,
Till our holy Lord returns.

SCENE THIRD.

(*Hall in the Palace of Mexico. Maximilian and Carlotta with attendants.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

Our cordial reception here has deeply touched our hearts, but all these festivals must have an end, as questions of moment vast demand our earnest thought. My cabinet is formed, and every member will, I trust, assist me in the attainment of my aim, the glory and prosperity of Mexico.

(*Enter Bazaine and staff.*)

BAZAINE.

The Emperor of France, my august sovereign, since he has brought to fall the reign of anarchy in Mexico, has honored me with the command of all his forces here, whose bravery has o'ercome the enemy wherever he was found. I now take leave to follow up the scattered hostile bands, and crush the remnant force of the republicans in districts more remote. The campaign will, of course, demand my presence there.

MAXIMILIAN.

We welcome you as envoy of our friend, the Emperor of France, and as victor laurel-crowned in

battles on four continents. If on your breast, so full of foreign decorations, there yet is place, we'd add thereto one of our Mexico. (*Attaches an order on Bazaine's breast.*) My troops will take the field with yours, and share with them the dangers and triumph. My office is not war, but I desire to reconcile all those, whose party feud entails upon the land deep misery, and so to end the civil wars. To designate the course all patriots should pursue, I do proclaim herewith full amnesty. My reign only begins, so I am not prepared to give instructions now, but my sincerest wish it is that grace and lenity be shown the conquered foe.

BAZAINE.

I shall remember all your words.

MAXIMILIAN.

Success to you, and safe return!

BAZAINE.

(*Towards his adjutants.*)

Instructions! How!—from him!—and foolish lenity!—Ha, ha!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter the Archbishop of Mexico with other dignitaries of the church.*)

ARCHBISHOP.

My blessing first on the Imperial Pair!

Carlotta.

With deep devotion and with gratitude your benediction we receive.

Archbishop.

Sire, our holy church has long been in distress in Mexico. Once rich and powerful, her divine laws obeyed, she was the strongest pillar of the throne, and peace and order reigned o'er this vast land. As soon as the respect the church demands was gone, the civil power lost all its authority; war followed war. In spite of all protests the rulers wrenched our old domains from us, and sold them to the laity. The church expects that your Majesty will redress our grievances, and nullify these sales, so that she can regain her former strength and influence. Your Majesty's assistance is also asked for those worthy priests, whose income is withheld, and who can officiate no more, as all their sacred vessels have been robbed by ruthless hands. (*Pointing to some portly monks.*) These friars come for help from far and near, all destitute, and almost starved. Their convents have been seized for barracks, or set on fire. They ask support until your government can all rebuild.

Maximilian.

Help and protection shall henceforth be theirs.

CARLOTTA.

Asylums, convents, hospitals and other institutes designed for charity, I shall visit, and assure them of my care.

ARCHBISHOP.

This is of minor worth as long as our patrimony is withheld by profane hands. Once more I must repeat my just demands.

MAXIMILIAN.

The lands the church once owned were sold by popular will; my reign, not absolute, can not ignore this fact. Since our earliest youth we have been taught to reverence the church. Her sacred rules and laws are earnestly observed by both of us, but not the church alone, the state has also rights. To draw the proper lines, to harmonize them both, my cabinet will soon the proper means devise. Besides, the Papal Nuncio will soon arrive with full instructions from the Holy See.

ARCHBISHOP.

As God rules all, beyond the flow of time,
So stands His holy church above the state sublime!

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter four Mexican guerrilla chiefs.)

FIRST CHIEF.

True patriots we shed our blood for you, and our victories were numberless and great. As we have sacrificed all that we had, our present situation needs relief. So humbly we call on your Majesty to commission us as officers.

MAXIMILIAN.

Your names and rank?

FIRST CHIEF.

Don Gasparino de Gritador; general de cavalleria.

SECOND CHIEF.

Don Bartolo de Chincholor; jefe de los carabineros.

THIRD CHIEF.

Don Sancho Debullador de Ostras y Conventos; jefe de Artilleria.

FOURTH CHIEF.

Don Filipe de Plumero; mayor de infanteria.

MAXIMILIAN.

In what engagements have you been, and under whose command?

FIRST CHIEF.

We stood under the command of General Marquez, once under Miramon; fought nearly every day, and whipped the French.

SECOND CHIEF.

No, the Juarists we slew.

THIRD CHIEF.

No, the Imperialists.

FOURTH CHIEF.

We whipped them all.

(*They commence to quarrel amongst themselves, and draw their daggers.*)

FIRST CHIEF.

You lie, you miserable dogs, forgetful where you are! Did we not all fight the Republicans? Who will deny what I just said? The Juarists we whipped, and not the French.

IMPERIAL ADJUTANT.

(*To the guards.*)

Arrest these men! Banditti they look far more like than honest officers.

MAXIMILIAN.

I grant them liberty. Wherever they have served before my reign began, I will not ask. Their manners must be changed by proper discipline. (*To the partisans.*) Bring references first as to your character and your abilities; if good, commissions shall be yours.

FOURTH CHIEF.

We shall not fail to bring as many written sheets as paper is turned out from a whole ton of rags!

ALL.

Viva el Imperador!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter a French officer with a deputation of Aztecs, Mitla and Guenita among them.*)

OFFICER.

At the request of these Aztecs, descendants of a race, which centuries ago ruled over Mexico, I bring them into your Majesty's presence, that they may homage pay.

(*He forces them to kneel, but Mitla and Guenita resist.*)

MITLA.

For many years gone by no bright and happy day has ever shone on us. As on the horizon the rainbow's double arch, so casts your royal pair upon us rays of hope. May you accept these fruits as token of our confidence.

MAXIMILIAN.

With thanks I take your welcome gift, the hard-earned product of your industry. No class stands higher in my full esteem, than that of true and honest laborers.

GUENITA.

(*To Carlotta.*)

Receive this dove from us as sign of peace.

(*Carlotta accepts the gift with some hesitation.*)

MITLA.

An eagle may despise a pigeon's nest,
A flight of doves still can his course arrest!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Maximilian and Carlotta alone.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

In vain thou triest to hide the tear from me, that trembling moves between the lashes of thine eye. What troubles so thy mind?

Carlotta.

O these impressions all, they are so new! The people are so strange, more so than I supposed. Think of these officers, and of the Indians. Didst thou observe how fierce that Aztec woman looked when she withdrew? Like daggers pierced her eyes into my very soul. I thought of our little court in Miramar, where every smiling face reflected naught but love; of our midnight walks through park and lanes, when the full moon diffused her quiet tender light; of our rides far into Adria, the rudder held by thy experienced hands.

Maximilian.

The days of Miramar, they are bygone
Since we ascended Montezuma's throne;
The duties thus assumed will mark the ways
We have to go in all the coming days.
Comparing the events of now and of the past,
Will never bring us peace, but trouble our rest.
Ye rosy dreams of yore, ye sails of memory,
Destroyed ye will not reach the shores of Italy!

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.

(*Hall in the Palace of Mexico.*

Carlotta and attendants.)

CARLOTTA.

Since the departure of His Majesty to inform himself of the condition of the provinces, the reins of government have been in my weak hands. While he increases day by day in strength, concurrent with his vast designs, I now feel but too well, how insufficient is my strength for this great task. There may be wisdom in my counsels, as their adoption by the emperor well would argue, but now I do perceive that thought and deed may not always conjoin. Henceforth the sphere of my activity shall only works of charity comprise, and the instruction of our youth. The tender hearts of children are so easily impressed, and thus, through them, we mould our future state. (*To her attendants.*) Now to San Andres hospital without delay we will proceed.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Maximilian and members of his cabinet.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

No question of so great import does now our minds engage as that, which church and state divides. The title to all lands, which once the church in mortmain held, is now by her reclaimed, so that from fear of useless toil the peasant does not till the soil. The Papal Nuncio is here, but all approach by us he does evade. The empress even tried to move this sphinx, but all in vain. He promised us his presence here to-day. Our conference will, I hope, promote the end we have in view.

(*Enter Papal Nuncio.*)

PAPAL NUNCIO.

Peace be with you!

MAXIMILIAN.

The deep devotion that we owe the Holy See doth make your presence doubly welcome here. The prestige of our holy church is not what it should be in Mexico. Before Our reign began the church had been deprived of her domains by hostile hands. The present owners of the land were not privies to the deed, but rights deduce from bona fide sale, while now the church insists upon her title to the same. This conflict still does rage,

religion loses ground, the church her influence. To end this state of things, and to promote a better understanding 'twixt state and church, has been the object of our earnest thought. As Monsignore is well informed of our designs, we would be pleased to hear what your instructions are.

PAPAL NUNCIO.

No single point of all your propositions, Sire, I can discuss.

MAXIMILIAN.

Your reasons, Monsignore, if you please?

PAPAL NUNCIO.

Want of instructions, Sire.

MAXIMILIAN.

No instructions!

PAPAL NUNCIO.

I should state that I have but one, namely, rendition of all property the church once owned.

MAXIMILIAN.

So let the church take care then of herself! (*To Escudero.*) You will design the proper laws embodying our views, to be enacted at once. The exercise of all religions shall be free, catholicism though, remains religion of the state.

Papal Nuncio.

I protest!

Maximilian.

The clergy to be paid by the government. All taxes for the church shall be abolished, the sacraments shall be administered free to all.

Papal Nuncio.

I—I—I protest!

Maximilian.

All sales of church domains shall be revised; if honestly obtained, their title recognized.

Papal Nuncio.

Sire, allow me to withdraw. No longer can I be a witness of this scheme to insult our church.

(*Exit.*)

Maximilian.

How are the schools we lately organized?

Escudero.

The clergy is opposed to them, therefore their progress slow.

Maximilian.

Compulsory their attendance shall be made. How are the mines, the roads, and trade?

PAZUELA.

The mines are yielding well, trade is becoming brisk, while since the last six months the roads are much improved.

MAXIMILIAN.

How is the state of our army now?

PEZA.

The discipline of the imperial troops is good, and in the field they show great bravery. But, Sire, dark rumors are afloat that France intends her army to recall.

MAXIMILIAN.

That is impossible before our national troops are fully organized. Napoleon, my friend, can not and will not break the treaty we have made. As now the cause of the republicans is lost, their government dissolved, no reason can exist for further strife. Yet still in bands they carry on the war, making the land unsafe. When taken prisoners and paroled, they still keep in communion with their former gangs. Indulgence is here crime; so I decree that swift punishment be meted out to all these lawless men. If caught, let them be straight court-martialed, and if convicted, shot, but if in arms, engaging our troops, let instant death be

their just lot. I strove to gain my end by love and grace, but failed; henceforth I'll try the use of sword and blood!

SCENE SECOND.

(*Thunder storm. Mitla ringing the chapel bell.*)

MITLA.

I must cease; the sound of this small bell is lost in the wild storm. For all there comes a lonely wayfarer. The herald of good news walks not with such slow steps. — — Guenita, dear, what brings you back to us?

GUENITA.

This sword will tell you all!

MITLA.

Alfonso's sword! Alive he parted not with it. Where did he sink in mother's close embrace?

GUENITA.

Near Queretaro's fields. While I did nurse our sick, Alfonso left the camp with a small squad of men, the country to patrol. But soon his horse came back with flying mane, no rider on, while blood ran freely from his saddle down, and tinged with red the thick, white foam. Mounting the steed, I reached the battle-ground, where friend

and foe lay still now side by side. Alfonso's sword I found, but not himself. Two of his men and he, shot through the hip, were taken prisoners. The enemy prepared to shoot them all. I pleaded for their lives; in vain I kneeled. The captain said, by an imperial decree all prisoners in arms must suffer instant death. A volley, and blue smoke, then all was past. I buried my friends, but swore revenge. The capital I reached, but not the emperor; his guards watched him too well. Mitla, you know all plants, which flourish here, some of them poisonous. Their healing properties you've studied well; but now give me a fruit, a root, or leaf, whose sap will mix unheeded with the blood, and creep like winter's frost still throught the heating lungs. I want revenge!

MITLA.

No word like this you heard from us,
But passion has your reason veiled.
Alfonso died; his country mourns,
Whose freedom in the balance lies.
May yet so high the price appear,
It can not come its value near.

Who never yields to joy or pain,
Nor love, nor hate, nor anger bears,
Who free from passion always stays,
He only wanders wisdom's ways.

But he that has no self-command,
Illusion's slave, weak-minded stands,
Is like a ship that helpless rolls,
When free the storm its wings unfolds.

There is no end in Universe,
No end in space, no end in time,
But all that lives must pass away,
For life is only ocean's spray.

The force in us builds every day,
And new again, our life's decay;
The world's great force, its architect,
No mortal eye could e'er detect;

But he that drinks on nature's breast,
And not by fear or hope biased,
Becomes from passion free and clear,
And feels His spirit strong and near.

Since from the East an eagle came,
To prey on us as welcome game,
We dare not cease to use our right,
To conquer him in open fight.

That eagle bears a double head;
The one that acts is only led;
But poison must not be employed,
In open field be he destroyed.

Guenita, dear, join us once more,
And be devoted as before;
Watch you the altar's holy light,
While I observe the stars to-night.

(*Enters the chapel.*)

GUENITA.

When rocks and mountains shake, the thunder rolls, and tidal waves heave up the raging sea, who can command their violent course to stop? But here, deep in my heart, there roars a greater storm! You pale-faced race, with blue and watery eyes, what can your passions move? You murder in cold blood, and then kneel down for grace! O, Mitla, all your words are sadly lost on me! "Come gently back to us, be wise, from passion free, and bear your fate with grateful, smiling face!"—while endless care and pain with deepest anguish fill my soul! There is another code, not hewn in stone, nor written on old rolls, beyond the reach of serpent and of cross,—'tis nature's loud clear voice, which cries revenge! But ha! Mitla is right; the empress is the planning head, not he; how proud she looked, when with contempt she took the offered dove of peace. This dagger here will reach her hateful breast, and that small spot whence the red stream of life is swiftly moved. But death so quick would be no punishment. It

must come slow, and, like a worm that bores his hardened head deep through the bark of trees into the nursing sap, so quiet and so sure must the destruction work, till the bright flashes of her brain and all the buds of hope are dead and gone. Now I just think of one! O quiet, sailing moon, how many loving hearts thy sickle cuts in twain! Assist me now to find the plant, that suits my raging hate! Ha, there is one in bloom! Its juice? No! for it destroys too quick. But Mitla warned us even of its breath, when all the flowers ope their snow-white bells, and with blood-stained spots they are adorned. A deep-drawn breath, — the fragrant scent inhaled — charms our senses all. But by degrees the memory decays, while trembling fear creeps in its vacant place. (*She digs a plant out with her dagger.*) Like cancer, with its roots, I take thee out from here with all the food and moisture of the soil. Be swift, my feet, and thou, true viper of the plants, deny thy nature not! My thanks, bright moon! Before thy shining light climbs up once more, Alfonso is revenged!

(*Exit.*)

(*Comes an officer in the uniform of the United States, who meets an officer wearing the grey regimentals of the Confederate States.*)

FEDERAL OFFICER.

Halt, rebel; draw your sword!

CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

You northern hireling!

(*They fight*)

(*Come General Escobedo and staff.*)

ESCOBEDO.

Peace here! When on your native soil fight out your former feud. I ought to put you both under arrest, but for your gallantry I will refrain this time. You North Americans have taught our troops to fight, to stand the fire well. I leave you now, but warn you to keep peace!

(*Exeunt.*)

CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

Is this not Captain Smith?

FEDERAL OFFICER.

It is, and you?—Major Hellstone, I think.

CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

I am, and friends we were before that devilish war broke out. In Cerro-Gordo and in Churubusco we followed the same flag, which in triumph waved over Mexico.

FEDERAL OFFICER.

What caused you then to go with the Confederacy?

CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

My state had joined that cause. She asked her sons for help, and, right or wrong, I answered to her call. The war once at an end, I went to Mexico. I could not bear to see grow up a monarchy so close to my own home.

FEDERAL OFFICER.

Give me your hand! My feelings are the same, and led me to Juarez' camp. You have not ceased to feel as an American. When once the time arrives, this land will fall like a ripe apple into our lap.

CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

And when we meet again our parole shall then be — Monroe.

FEDERAL OFFICER.

Monroe!

CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

Once more I hope to see our flag float over Mexico.

FEDERAL OFFICER.

(*Opens his vest and brings out the stars and stripes.*)

Here it rests safe, as long as my heart beats loud,
Once still and cold, this flag shall be its shroud.

(*Fastens the flag on his sword.*)

Duet: "O Columbia, the gem of the ocean," *etc.*

SCENE THIRD.

(*Carlotta and attendants.*)

CARLOTTA.

(*Writing; suddenly throws the pen away.*)

It will not do; too crowded are my thoughts, too wandering to meet the clear and sober mind of wise King Leopold.

(*Enters the Archbishop.*)

ARCHBISHOP.

My benediction on your Majesty!

CARLOTTA.

Most reverend Sir, with deep emotion I receive you here.

ARCHBISHOP.

It has pleased his Majesty, the Emperor, to introduce a new system of schools, and even your Majesty has deigned to manifest an interest therein.

CARLOTTA.

Indeed I do; with pleasure I observe their good results.

Archbishop.

Still they are dangerous. When ignorant, the people can be ruled with ease; enlighten them, and all control is lost, the spirit of insubordination will prevail.

Carlotta.

In Europe schools are flourishing in many states. While industry and wealth have gained, our holy church has nothing lost by them.

Archbishop.

Is wealth alone the aim of life? Can knowledge form a character like faith?

Carlotta.

Religion dwells within the human heart, its holy sphere can never be disturbed by culture of the mind.

Archbishop.

The shepherd must know best what food his flock requires; it can not be the same for every stock and clime. The Indian race predominates in Mexico; only one-eighth of all the people are of Caucasian blood. The former till the soil, contented with their lot as faithful members of our fold, but still their creed is mixed with many relics

of old paganism. Of superstitions full, this people may become quite dangerous with time. It is well known to us that there are secret sects that hold, secluded from the eyes of men, their ancient pagan feasts. Instruct this race, and ere long they all will raise their heads. The Aztec manuscripts may then be read, and they will creep like snakes from out the dust to choke us all to death.

CARLOTTA.

My views are not so dark; enlighten the good people and they will drop their former heresies. Their history is dead.

ARCHBISHOP.

Dead as a volcano. Was Ceboruco not believed extinct, as since historic times it was quite still, when suddenly a new eruption made it manifest, that this volcano was not dead, but only slept? Once more I recommend the closing of these worldly schools.

(*Exit.*)

(*Enters a court-lady.*)

COURT-LADY.

An Indian girl begs audience of your Majesty. She claims to bring a rare wild plant.

Carlotta.

She may enter.

(*Enters Guenita.*)

Guenita.

Will your Majesty all graciously accept this plant. It rarely blooms and is but seldom found. I took it out with all the roots, and kept the light from it, to save its fragrance sweet. An Indian legend is connected with this plant.

Carlotta.

I thank you for your gift, and would be pleased to hear your tale. All links that bind the present with the past excite my interest.

Guenita.

Long ere the Spaniards came, there lived not far from here Abelo and Tlema, both in the heyday of their youth. Their souls seemed one, their thoughts the same; like sun and moon they glanced into each other's eyes. They toiled with great delight, and turned a wilderness into a paradise. Far-spread the golden grain waved under a light breeze, while juicy fruits bent down the branches of the trees. Where once the panther roamed, there well-tamed herds and flocks were pasturing in peace. But fate will ever change. A

princely pair of Inca race invaded our land, and on a hunting tour came to that happy spot. Their blood-hounds ran ahead, tore and destroyed the flocks. Abelo killed the dogs. The princess foamed with rage; dipping her arrow's point into a flask of venom full, she gave it to the prince, who shot it quickly off, and pierced Abelo's breast. Tlema pulled out the dart, when freely blood and foam rushed from the mortal wound. The princess gathered then a bunch of fragrant plants, whose snow-white bells were filled with Abelo's poisoned blood. "As trophy you shall serve," she scornfully cried out, and so both went their way. But soon the sun began to lose his shining gold—the disk was no longer round—a sullen hue spread darkening o'er the land. The arrow in her hand, Tlema invoked the sun: Thou only witness of this cruel deed, revenge this blood, which dare not cry to thee in vain!—and then, in deep despair, she thrust the bloody shaft into her broken heart.

CARLOTTA.

This is a doleful tale, but still go on.

GUENITA.

Still darker grew the day, the stars appeared, a silver ring sent down some feeble rays, and then the sun began to weep large, bloody tears. The

little flower bells commenced to ring, and never ceased revenge to cry. The sun cast down his baleful shade—the legend saith—into the very soul of that proud Inca maid, whose mind, like planks without a destiny, drifted as wreck on waves of memory.

CARLOTTA.

There are some other things that can unhinge the mind!

GUENITA.

Your Majesty can see the scarlet spots of blood.

CARLOTTA.

How sweet these flowers smell; but verily they look as were they sprinkled with fresh blood.

(*She inhales the fragrance with repeated deep inspirations.*)

What rings so in my ears like thousand little bells?—How dizzy do I feel!

(*Grows pale and faints.*)

GUENITA.

These are the proper signs!

(*She rises up to her full length.*)

Revenge! Revenge! Alfonso is revenged!

(*Hurries off.*)

ATTENDANTS.

The empress is sick! She is dying! Help, help!

(*Enters Maximilian.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

What mean your cruel words? How heavy is the air! Open the windows quick; let a full draft come in! Summon the doctor; let him come at once!

CARLOTTA.

(*Reviving.*)

No, no! O let us be alone, I need no further aid.

(*Attendants exeunt.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

Thou art so pale, thy hands are cold, what is the matter, pray?

CARLOTTA.

I felt so dizzy all at once; these flowers have o'erpowered me with their strong scent.

MAXIMILIAN.

They fill the room with fragrancy too strong for feeble nerves.

(*Throws them out of the window.*)

Thy color has returned, how much I felt alarmed!

Carlotta.

It is now past; but I despair when I reflect on state-affairs. The clergy frowns upon our cause; the Archbishop complains about the schools, the Papal Nuncio is ready to depart.

Maximilian.

When saints once childish grow, the time has come for devils to cut rods!

Carlotta.

The cabinet in Washington is utterly opposed to us. Their hostile attitude grows more and more pronounced. Bazaine and all French troops will be recalled; a host of Northern men will then the rebels join.

Maximilian.

I am informed of it. O happy day when Bazaine leaves our shores! My orders and decrees he utterly ignores; I can no longer bear his arbitrary acts. Our native troops must be increased, in order to replace the French.

Carlotta.

Do not rely too much upon their loyalty!—These gloomy prospects filled my mind with fear; I

opened to our holy virgin all my heart, and felt consoled when her mild eyes glanced down on me like stars; — but suddenly her divine look was changed; another face stared now at me full scorn. In Yucatan I saw a statue once of pagan times, which held a child at breast with broken arms, the face — it was the same. Again I met that fearful vision, — where? — It was that Aztec girl that offered me a dove, and brought to-day these fragrant flowers here.

MAXIMILIAN.

Carlotta, thou art sick. I'll summon thy physician.

CARLOTTA.

I wish his presence not. A statesman would prescribe a better remedy than all physician's wit. There are some ill-bred tongues whistling bad melodies to European ears. I shall reveal the truth; Napoleon will then his army not withdraw; the Pope will not withhold his former love from us. As Pontiff, he alone can build a bridge between the church and state. In no one do I trust; in person I shall go. Events are marching fast, and to keep pace with them, I shall embark on the first ship for Saint-Nazaire.

MAXIMILIAN.

Thy purpose is congenial to thy soul: Its greatness is above all measurement. But can thy tender body second thy great mind?—I fear its strength will prove inadequate.

CARLOTTA.

To gain my ends all fibres will be strained. Meanwhile I will withdraw.

(*Exit.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

Farewell, my dear and noble wife! Thou wilt depart, and hope embarks with thee. Saint Peter's rock is hard; nor love nor tears can move its fossil heart. Carlotta's hopes find there no anchorage. The Paris court regards its interests alone, and cares not for an ally's rights or throne. Still let her go;—she will be far and safe when here the end begins.

Breakers ahead, and tempest tossed,
I hold the helm till all is lost!

SCENE FOURTH.

(*Plaza de Armas in the City of Mexico.*)

ARCHBISHOP.

So Monsignore will leave us soon?

PAPAL NUNCIO.

My mission is fulfilled.

ARCHBISHOP.

The Emperor will not yield, he has a stubborn will.

PAPAL NUNCIO.

To put him on the throne was a mistake.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who could foresee his acts, his iron energy?—What has been done must be undone; his popularity is gaining fast.

PAPAL NUNCIO.

What course can be pursued?—Both parties are opposed to us, Juarez our arch-foe.

ARCHBISHOP.

Juarez' reign, should he succeed, would prove but very short, as he could not resist the coming anarchy. Our party then may grasp the reins of power.

PAPAL NUNCIO.

The attainment of this end were worthy object of our zeal.

ARCHBISHOP.

(*Stretching out and withdrawing his hand.*)

The church withdraws her aid as I withdraw my hand.

(*Come several Friars. The Archbishop whispers something in their ears, whereupon they nod and leave.*)

ARCHBISHOP.

Our tools are sharp and quite reliable!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Come Fernando, Antonio, Gardener, Fritz and Lisette.*)

FRITZ.

I venture you drank Pulque to-day.

ANTONIO.

We did not, why?

FRITZ.

You all look as ashy as a fasting day. What has been going on?

FERNANDO.

Nothing much; homesick we are, longing for Miramar.

LISETTE.

This country suits me not, the people I don't like. Three weeks ago I gave my washing out; waiting for its return, I met to-day the laundress on the street wearing my finest dress.

ANTONIO.

The people are so full of tricks; their faults inherited.

FRITZ.

Yes, like sterility.

GARDENER.

My roses lost their healthy, fiery look; they miss the song of our nightingales.

LISETTE.

To-day it is my turn to prophesy.

FERNANDO.

Bring out thy best!

LISETTE.

Within three days we leave for Miramar.

Antonio.

With the whole court?

Lisette.

No; the Empress sails for France, and goes to Italy.

Fritz.

Hurrah, that is the word! How didst thou find it out?

Lisette.

Key-holes are handy things for lurking ears to use. Her Majesty appeared downcast.

Fernando.

Something is wrong since that great animal, the Nuncio, arrived.

Gardener.

He was received with honors like a king.

Antonio.

And piles of money he received from our Emperor.

Fernando.

His face appears like stone.

LISETTE.

Like dirty kettlestone. He never in his life could make his mother smile; he's fond of nobody.

FRITZ.

But onions does he like.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Lisette, leaving in another direction, meets a Friar.*)

LISETTE.

(*Kissing his hand.*)

Praised be the Lord!

FRIAR.

Now and forever!

So let me feel whether your heart is right.

(*Embraces her.*)

LISETTE.

You reeling ghost of an old elephant, find out then that my hand beats stronger than my heart!

(*Beats him.*)

FRIAR.

How shameful to insult a servant of the church!

Lisette.

Obey her holy rules, or put these robes aside. Your pious mien and words can not supply your want of grace.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Come four Mexican guerrilla chiefs; same as in Act II, Scene Third.*)

First Chief.

How many men did you enlist?

Second Chief.

Five hundred, I am sure.

Third Chief.

I got enough to organize three complete batteries.

Fourth Chief.

From our former band one-half joined me, and more will follow them.

First Chief.

I'll muster into service soon men for two regiments. We'll have to help each other out; if one is to be mustered in we loan him men to swell his ranks, and then we draw their pay in full.

Second Chief.

There is a sutler's stand; let's have some wine.

(*They touch their glasses and drink.*)

ALL.

Long live the Emperor!

(*Comes a Friar.*)

FRIAR.

Hallo!—What's going on?—You cry out merry times.

FIRST CHIEF.

(*Holding up a paper.*)

Here's my commission, warm as fresh bread!

SECOND CHIEF.

And such a one I also hold here in my hands!

THIRD CHIEF.

We all have one, and money too, look at this tight-stuffed purse!

FOURTH CHIEF.

The reverend father will, I hope, accept a glass of wine?

FRIAR.

I'd rather have some Pulque, but for your noble company's sake, I'll substitute the wine.

(*They fill their glasses.*)

First Chief.

Vivat the Emperor!

Friar.

(*Throwing his glass away.*)

I drink not to that toast!

All.

Why not?—Why not?

Friar.

He's not our friend, and hates our holy faith with all his heart. The Papal Nuncio leaves us in high dudgeon with the court.

First Chief.

Is that the truth?

Friar.

It is, upon my sacred word. Aside from this, the Emperor prefers the foreigners. They will command, oppress our men, and call it discipline.

Fourth Chief.

We hate them all, do as we please, and want no discipline.

First Chief.

What then shall be our toast?

FRIAR.

Fill up the glasses first! — So; — now hold them up! — Be cautious and discreet! — We drink Juarez' health!

(*Exit.*)

FIRST CHIEF.

Comrades, what shall we do?

SECOND CHIEF.

Father Sebastian showed us the better way.

THIRD CHIEF.

They'll put us under General Marquez, and if we twist a chicken's neck, we shall be court-martialed.

FOURTH CHIEF.

When Miramon takes the command we get no chance to run; to stand the fire day and night is truly not our way.

FIRST CHIEF.

Let's join the Juarists, or fight on our own account.

ALL.

Hurrah!

Song.

We cheat a friend and rob a man
  Without much tribulation,
And live as well as others can,
  Who daily draw their ration.

Bang, tarrang, say what is worse,
  Hell or execution?
Ride the devil's new shod horse,
  And still get absolution.

Let the fool now give us arms,
  Uniforms, and money;
Ere the cook the breakfast warms,
  All away we carry.

Form new bands, and ride along
  Through the whole creation;
Steal and rob, or right or wrong,
  Without the least discretion.
    Hurrah! Hurrah!

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.

(*St. Cloud.*)

NAPOLEON.

(*Reading.*)

In disregard of common courtesy, and of those diplomatic rules which govern nations in their intercourse, this Yankee statesman sends us notes in language which does ill disguise his petulance. I promised to withdraw our troops from Mexico; now Seward urges me to quick fulfilment of my word. Since triumph crowned the Northern arms their hostile aims grow more pronounced. War with the Union of North-America? — France would not follow me. — Yield I must; the troops must be recalled. And now to cap the climax, and to increase our great embarrassment, Carlotta has arrived. I well foresee the interview will painful be.

(*Exit.*)

(*Enters Carlotta.*)

Carlotta.

What lurking memories strange of bygone days are here conjured up! Through many gladsome years they formed the phantoms of my dreams. Naught has been changed; the pictures even are the same. With what dread amaze the child gazed on that portrait there; and even now it seemeth me it hath no friendly mien. Once more I listen to the tic-tac of the clock, which, like a heart, beats day and night. The sound is still the same, but O! how changed the time it since hath ushered in! King Louis Philippe once occupied that chair, and dandled there his laughing grand-child on his knee. Another sits there now.—O memory, why must thy ruthless hand withdraw the veil from shrouded years and hearts!

(*Footsteps approaching.*)

He comes!—Be calm, thou beating heart!—Down pride! For thou wouldst fain my lips with muteness seal, and I with passioned words must seek to work upon his will.

(*Reënters Napoleon.*)

Napoleon.

With pleasure do I see Mexico's fair Empress here.

CARLOTTA.

Sire, not pleasure's ceaseless rounds have drawn me to the shores of France, but duty's stern behest. The weal of Mexico has led me here to seek the gracious aid of France.

NAPOLEON.

Your wishes need but be expressed to find reëcho in Our will.

CARLOTTA.

Marshal Bazaine must be recalled; his soul so tainted is with pride and avarice, that he brings naught but curses on our cause. His inactivity, too, of late allows our foes to raise their heads. The marshal's bearing toward ourselves is such, that further intercourse with him the Emperor declines. And, secondly, we beg your Majesty to leave your valiant troops in Mexico until our national army is well organized.

NAPOLEON.

I deeply do regret that your request is not within the bounds of possibility. Dispositions are already made for the withdrawal of our troops.

CARLOTTA.

That, Sire, dare not occur! Forget our treaty not, the obligations you assumed! Through the

wise measures of the Emperor, the aspect of affairs had signally improved, when from the northern provinces your army was withdrawn. We could not muster men enough to take its place, and so they fell into Juarez' hands. Since then the country, Sire, has restless been; if blood-shed should again ensue the fault must be ascribed to you.

Napoleon.

My inclination would fain grant your wish, but higher duties must my will control. It is full time that France weigh well her interests with the great sacrifices to be made. Ill success has met our Washington diplomacy.

Carlotta.

Let not such reasoning foul your policy affect, where your own honor is involved, nor jeopardize the fruits of Maximilian's work. I pray you then, in heaven's high name, do not betray your royal friend. I, alas, am cause of his mishap, as my ambition, fed by you, urged him to mount the throne. Since then a thorny path he has been called to tread. How strangely strikes the senses all that we encountered there; even the vesper-breeze wafts to us hostile breath, electric with the spirit of revolt. The Saints themselves, seemed moved by other loves, by other hates than ours, for

even their rude images glanced endless wrath on me. O grave, indeed, and threatening, grows the crisis now, and gloomy apprehensions seize my soul.

NAPOLEON.

For the withdrawal of the troops my word is pledged. No danger threatens Maximilian's head; my army is his guard, so that to him safe convoy is assured.

CARLOTTA.

O, that I tamed my pride to stoop so low where honor dwelleth not. When naught but selfishness the mind inspires, and friendship's glow ne'er doth the heart suffuse, then dead and callous is the soul to chivalry's appeal. Too late it is revealed to us, how much misplaced the faith we put in you, when you, with varnished tale, allured us from our fair retreat in Miramar. Peace did not reign in Mexico, but everywhere rebellion raised its hydra-head. That tiger of the South, Alvarez, ne'er yielded to your might, and scorns you to this day. You seek in vain to veil the foul purpose of your mind in words of astute statesmanship. You have betrayed a noble prince, who, unreserved, put all his trust in you. As Hapsburg's bravest son, he parts not with his flag unless in death. His blood be on your

hands, and damning consciousness of guilt pursue your wretched soul through all th' unmeasured space of time!

(*Exit.*)

Napoleon.

Alas, I fear she is not sane!

(*Rings the bell.*)

SCENE SECOND.

(*City of Mexico. Plaza de Armas. Maximilian and staff. French troops marching out.*)

Jeanette.

Good-bye, old Mexico! Eat all your goats alone, and keep your Pulque and wine.

(*Empties her canteen.*)

(*Come Bazaine and staff.*)

Bazaine.

Sire, the last columns of our troops are marching out for Vera Cruz. Your Majesty is not oblivious to the fact that the empire totters on its base. Where'er our forces have been withdrawn, the foe has raised his haughty head, and even here his

hostile bands are swarming thick. My gracious sovereign advises once again the abdication of the throne, and the convoy of my guard to Vera Cruz.

MAXIMILIAN.

Well can your sovereign a Hapsburg prince betray, dishonor not! The trust that was in me by popular will reposed, I never will resign!

BAZAINE.

Since hopeless fall the empire now awaits, why not with us seek safe retreat?

MAXIMILIAN.

Marshal, do not forget I am still Emperor!

BAZAINE.

Your Majesty, I then must say Adieu!

(*Exeunt.*)

MAXIMILIAN.

No longer now between my people's heart and me does foreign might prevail. Unfettered are my hands and free my will. Our native troops now here in garrison will take the field, and under my command I hope that better days will dawn. Yet sullen does the future look; dark clouds o'erspread the horizon, and augur stormy times. My friends, you need not face that storm, the road is open yet

for your retreat. Far yonder, like a glittering stream, which winds its way through fertile plains, the last French corps is marching to the sea. The homage which you swore to me need not constrain your will.

Officers.

We will not leave your Majesty!

Vidaurri.

My country also needs my arm!

Marquez.

My sword, pledged to your cause, I ne'er will sheath till victory is ours!

Maximilian.

(*Deeply affected.*)

Now do I rightly see how true the adage is, that only dark adversity the strength of friendship's ties doth prove. In proud assurance of your loyalty, I clasp your hands. When tempests fiercely rage, all rotten wood breaks loose, but you of other stuff are formed.

All.

(*Pressing enthusiastically around the Emperor.*)

Viva el Imperador!

MAXIMILIAN.

In Queretaro will our forces soon unite; there is the gallant Miramon, the true and prudent Castillo, the valiant Mejia, all of experience vast, and high renown, and the brave Mendez, too, will soon be there. My veteran Austrians I will leave behind with our brave Tabera here, to guard the capital. And now, our faithful Marquez and Vidaurri, will you attend us to our cabinet, where we will occupy ourselves with plans of future operations, and you, brave comrades, for now, farewell! In Queretaro soon we'll meet again.

SCENE THIRD.

(*Plaza and Convent de la Cruz in Queretaro. Two sentinels on guard. Come Generals Mejia, Mendez, Castillo, Arellano, and Prince Salm.*)

MEJIA.

At last the Emperor consents that we break through.

MENDEZ.

I fear it is too late, too long has he for Marquez waited.

Salm.

Marquez took with him our veteran corps, and pledged his honor to return at once with all the troops available in Mexico. He has not kept his word.

Castillo.

The Emperor could now be safe, but he would not desert his troops while they were in distress. 'Twas from this cause he sent Marquez to Mexico clothed with full power in his place.

Mendez.

I have an instinct, so it may be termed, by which I judge the heart of every untried man. The first impression made upon my mind, yet unbiased by smooth and flattering words, will finally prove true. I should have preferred some other man before the Emperor's choice.

Arellano.

Where muskets crack and cannons roar, the Emperor is always seen.

Mejia.

At all events our way must be cut right through the hostile lines. If every one of us should fall, the Emperor shall be saved. In case we can not

reach the capital, we find refuge in yonder mountain-chain, where every Indian, man and child, will fight in our behalf. Sierra Gorda is my home, its people true and brave.

SALM.

Those are words which touch a soldier's heart! His Majesty was ill-advised to stay in this doomed place. Though Miramon is brave and true, his counsel was not good.

(*Comes Miramon.*)

MIRAMON.

We thought it was. Had Marquez but his word fulfilled, the foe had long been crushed. Comrades, are you in readiness to sally out to-night?

ARELLANO.

The horses are put to my howitzers, and we await but your command.

MENDEZ.

I have armed the Indians of this place to make a feint while we move out against the foe.

MEJIA.

My cavalry is eager for the fray.

Salm.

The body-guard will vindicate its loyalty.

Miramon.

How is it in the Cruz; is all in order there?

Salm.

Lopez has placed the cavalry on guard; reports all right.

Castillo.

To that important line I should assign a better officer; it is the very key to all positions which now we hold.

Miramon.

Let us now betake ourselves to rest; before the morning dawns we'll sally out.

(*Exeunt.*)

First Sentinel.

(*Drawing his sword-belt tighter.*)

My waist is getting thinner than a wasp's; two holes I've lost again only since yesterday.

Second Sentinel.

Good for your horse! My back is stiff and sore; slept on the cold, bare ground. The last handful of straw my mattress still contained I fed my horse.

FIRST SENTINEL.

The ribs of my poor mare are breaking through her skin like whalebones through a worn-out parasol.

SECOND SENTINEL.

What had you for supper?

FIRST SENTINEL.

A single musty cracker; but got some extra game.

SECOND SENTINEL.

What was it?

FIRST SENTINEL.

Caught a blind rat last night.

SECOND SENTINEL.

I wished I were where my sweetheart dwells,
And the Danube flows swiftly and clear;
When like sweet chimes of the evening bells,
Her tender, dear voice I could hear.

FIRST SENTINEL.

I dreamed of mutton, of beef-steaks and pork,
On the table foamed sparkling champagne;
Sat down to dine, but broke my long fork,
My wine-glass burst clinking in twain.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Second Sentinel.

Three o'clock; our relief will soon be here. Did you say your rat was blind in one eye?

First Sentinel.

Yes. Why?

Second Sentinel.

Our commander must be blind in both eyes, else we were never caught here in this clumsy trap.

First Sentinel.

Hark! What's that?—There is some firing!

Second Sentinel.

They beat the long roll; the trumpets sound "To horse!"

First Sentinel.

The shooting comes nearer!

(*Come Salm, Mejia, and other officers, with a detachment of troops.*)

Salm.

Where is the Emperor?

First Sentinel.

He's up there in his rooms.

(*Salm enters the convent and returns with the Emperor.*)

SALM.

The enemy is in the Cruz, and holds now all outlets!

MAXIMILIAN.

Impossible, unless we are betrayed!

SALM.

The Juarists have passed our lines; Corona's men are in the Cruz.

MAXIMILIAN.

We'll cut our way through their columns; but where is Miramon?

MEJIA.

Wounded and prisoner.

MAXIMILIAN.

(*Draws his sword.*)

Comrades, now follow me!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Beat of the drums, trumpet and bugle sounds. Distant firing. Come General Escobedo and Republican troops.*)

Escobedo.

None of them must escape! Had not the Cruz been poorly watched, more blood would have been spilled; they fight most desperately.

(*Maximilian, with staff and troops, rushes in.*)

Maximilian.

The treason is complete; too well the plan was laid.

(*Both hostile parties level their muskets at each other.*)

Maximilian.

Halt! — No further blood-shed!

(*To General Escobedo.*)

Here is my sword; I am your prisoner. If you still want more blood, take mine alone!

ACT V.

SCENE FIRST.

(*San Luis Potosi. Juarez and cabinet.*)

JUAREZ.

Petitions for the life of Maximilian and his generals are pouring in.

LERDO.

The foreign ministers, who would not recognize our legal government, plead now most anxiously for clemency. The intercession alone, which comes from Washington, deserves the calm consideration of our cabinet. During the darkest days the North gave us encouragement. But were it not a risk to pardon Miramon and his companions in the field, so eager to renew the bloody strife should time afford an opportunity?—and yet we can not justly punish them alone, and let their chief escape with full impunity. Should lenity our conduct mark, it will appear as want of energy, as recognition of that sanctity claimed by dynasts.

Jglesia.

Riva Palacio and de la Torre used all their eloquence to work a commutation of his fate.

Juarez.

Palacio's noble impulse I esteem; he is with us heart and hand; besides a friend of mine. But when the law demands its holy rights, then friendship's voice must lose its suasive force. There was a complot nearly ripe to free the prisoners, and at its head stood that heroic Princess Salm. If she had met with aid from those whose cowardice the archduke did betray, her object now would be attained. Our army, eager to revenge the blood so freely shed during this hateful war, has now resolved upon his early death. My mind is wasted like a battle-field from duty's deadly combat with my sympathies. No more I wish to hear of state affairs to-day; another time we will resume our task.

(*Ministers exeunt.*)

If only he had fled; but nobly he refused to leave his friends behind, this Hapsburg prince, who vainly strove to found a throne on foreign bayonets, and I was chased like a wild beast, not knowing oft where in the coming night my weary head would

rest. My hate was nourished by our woes, but fortune now has changed her mood. Though bitter war I waged against the monarch on the throne, yet now his greatness in distress does touch my heart.

(*Enters Mitla.*)

MITLA.

May our bright Sun now ever beam his kindliest rays on you! Our country is delivered from the foe; may peace and order rule henceforth with liberty! Another fiend now marches through the land and leaves his bloody trace where'er he does appear; his war-cry is revenge. Combat that foe and vanquish him! Begin with your own heart; commute the judgment of the court, and let the prince be exiled with his generals!

JUAREZ.

So greatly in your debt am I, that all your wishes are commands for me; but in this case, alas, I am not free to act. If I should pardon them, the army would be quick to wreak on them its furious rage. Only through flight is rescue possible, and to that end the connivance of the guard must be secured.

MITLA.

Midsummer-day is drawing near, when we shall meet to solemnize our Solar-feast. Will you be there?

Juarez.

I shall not fail to greet Alfonso there.

Mitla.

The golden light can reach his eyes no more!

Juarez.

My friend and brother dead?

Mitla.

Near Queretaro he fell wounded into hostile hands, and in pursuance of a new decree, he suffered death upon the spot. Guenita, who as nurse went with the troops, returned Alfonso's sword; her mind seemed much deranged. One morning, in our chapel-ground, a grave, fresh dug, was seen, wherein Alfonso lay close in Guenita's arms. Her heart, which once so loudly beat, was still from a stiletto thrust. Such is wild passion's course! We closed the grave, and planted flowers thereon. I hope to see you soon, but not with blood-stained hands.

(*Exit.*)

Juarez.

My friend is murdered, Guenita lives no more! What cares the world for them; they were but Indians!—I ám an Indian, too, and have the passions of my race! They call us barbarous. We

were not always so. Who taught us cruelty? It was that pale-faced race, which centuries ago o'er-run our land! Without remorse they spilled the blood of countless hosts or doomed them to the pitiless lot of slaves. Even the church did lend thereto her mighty arm, and with new superstitions grafted on the old, forged tighter still their chains. The blooming cities were laid desolate, and dark despair broods since in solemn silence over Mexico. 'Twas by the hands of Hapsburg hordes that once the noblest Aztec blood did flow, and now a scion of that house has tried to put his heel upon our necks. To his insatiate lust for blood, my best and dearest friend as victim fell. Begone, ye sympathies! Alfonso was a Sun whom liberty had chosen as her own; not could with him the kings of all the earth compare, and should they grace demand on bended knees, his blood shall be revenged!

SCENE SECOND.

(*Chateau and Park of Miramar.*)

FRITZ.

The Empress goes to Brussels, and we shall be discharged.

Lisette.

I feel so sorry for her Majesty.

Fritz.

We better look to our own affairs and for a future home.

Lisette.

Where shall we find a place?

Fritz.

In the far West of North America. The land is cheap, the country free, and we are strong enough to work our way through life. We'll raise there wheat and cattle, children, hogs, and many other fruits.

Lisette.

And onions too?

(*Come a Chamberlain, Physician, with Antonio, Fernando, and Gardener.*)

Chamberlain.

Her Majesty will take a morning walk; pay strictest care to all she does, but let not your concern appear. (*To the Doctor.*) How did you find Her Majesty to-day?

DOCTOR.

I have remarked no change.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Rumors go from mouth to mouth, that poison's subtle curse affects her mind. 'Tis said in Mexico that there are some expert in the use of baneful plants beyond belief; either with sudden death their victims they destroy, or with protraction of their fate they doom them to a living death.

DOCTOR.

In Mexico and in the Antilles poison is sometimes used, whose subtlity our tests evades. But why search for causes so remote, when others and more patent still present themselves. Napoleon has not kept the faith which was reposed in him. The Vatican will not be reconciled, and naught but dismal news has been received from Mexico. Deceived in all her hopes, and with forebodings dark oppressed, no wonder that her mind gave way. But here she comes!

(*Come Carlotta, a Chaplain, and several Court-ladies.*)

CARLOTTA.

(*Weaving roses into a crown.*)

It takes more roses than I thought for so small an affair,— a crown. Cut me some more of them!

GARDENER.

Your Majesty will find these roses fresh and bright.

CARLOTTA.

They are not of the kind I wish. Their color is too light; bring me some of a darker hue.

GARDENER.

The roses of Puebla will suit your Majesty, I hope.

CARLOTTA.

(*Indifferently.*)

Perhaps that is their name. They must be red, blood-red, to make a shining crown.

GARDENER.

Here is the new variety.

CARLOTTA.

This is a kind appropriate.——Now it is done; does it not captivate the eye?

(*She puts it on the head of a Court-lady.*)

It doth become her well; how proud she bears her honors now!

COURT-LADY.

O, how that hurts!

CARLOTTA.

Perhaps some thorns sneaked in.

(*She throws the crown violently down.*)

——Let it be; it is not worth the stooping.

(*She approaches the Molo.*)

There rolls the sea; a yacht lies in the bay!
I think I dreamed that I once rode on her,
While the white spray her silvery course did mark.
—There still the castle stands where once of yore
I think I heard the songs of festal joy;
But now my steps resound so gloomy in its halls.—
That castle fills my soul with phantoms strange,
And puzzles still my mind, but answers not.
Am I awake, or bound in sleep by mystic spell,
Unconscious of the outer world, or am I not myself?
My voice is not the same; perhaps I live a dual life!
What have I done?—Did I commit a crime?—
O, could I once more sleep a dreamless sleep,
Or could my other self awake devoid of every fear!
—Can I then pray no more? Are dumb my lips,
Which once to heaven with passioned utterance spoke?
Odd seem my holy books, their lines in double rows,
Alternate red and green as mocking at my woes!

Chaplain.

The arch-foe of mankind is ever on the lurk, our souls with treacherous visions to ensnare; only our holy church can guard against his wiles.

Carlotta.

Are you a zealous servant of the church, or does your stole conceal a faithless heart? I fear you know too well the art which Borgia to perfection brought. I trust you not!

Chaplain.

(*Aside.*)

O monstrous aberration of the mind!

(*Enters a child with fruits.*)

Child.

Will your gracious Majesty accept some apricots?

Carlotta.

Truly they have a fair outside, but pregnant is their juice with germs of death. Begone!

(*Child leaves crying.*)

Chaplain.

(*Aside.*)

O horrible delusion!

CARLOTTA.

Come here, my child, and take this golden cross which I have often worn. Go tell thy parents to refrain from their pernicious art; no evil do I wish to them, why do they seek to poison me?

(*Child kisses Carlotta's hand and goes.*)

(*Enter a group of peasants, same as in Act I, Scene First.*)

CHORUS.

Again we come with song and flowers,
To welcome back our royal guest,
And strew them round in fragrant showers,
For the fair Empress of the West.

This lovely place, once rude and dreary,
Within the grasp of cliffs confined,
Comforts the great, protects the weary,
Who love and kindness always find.

There now reflects the chateau's tower,
Vibrating in the placid bay,
The fountains throw, with secret power,
Their crystals high in sparkling spray.

CHAMBERLAIN.

This song seems to recall old memories of the past.

Doctor.

Only that the fatal wrecks of life present themselves again in all their sad reality.

Chorus.

Thou, royal pair, hast built this castle,
This paradise of magic charm—

(*Carlotta shrieks and swoons away.*)

Chaplain.

Poor Empress!

SCENE THIRD.

(*Prison-cell.*)

Maximilian.

(*Sealing a letter.*)

My last work has now its full completion, and unfettered is my soul from all the harrowing cares of life, which oft do fill the breast with strange disquietude, e'en when the grave doth gap before us. How marvelous, that in this dungeon grey, where scarce the friendly light of day doth pierce, sweet visions of the past now haunt me with their

presence mild. I see again the ocean's moving mass, its waters fanned by a soft western breeze; all sails are set and swiftly moves my bark, and once more come in sight the pillars famed of Hercules. Italia's shores soon greet the wanderer's eye, and now we haste with quickened speed to reach the bay of Miramar. There still the towered chateau stands; the flowers, the trees, the shrubs, in verdant luxury. The fountains have not ceased to throw their crystal waters high, and sweet the song of nightingales is heard. Far in the distance blue I see the Alps, and now I climb once more their steepy cliffs, to chase the wild chamois and breathe again the mountain air. Away ye idle phantoms of the past! Ye can no longer bind my heart with fond delusions to this earth. She, my guiding star, who once with highest gifts of heaven endowed, illumed the pathway of my life, in sad eclipse of reason's light, lives but as echo of the past. When like the eagle, which doth build his eyrie far above the haunts of men, our thoughts to higher levels rise, they do disdain henceforth to stoop to narrow precincts of the dusty vales. 'Twas not ambition based on selfish grounds which urged me to accept this thorny crown, but an ambition of a nobler cause: to elevate a race, once great, from its decline. Is it a curse, that baneful hovers o'er this land? Once did the blood of Aztec monarchs flow, to satisfy the

lusts of cruel Spain. Do still their angry manes with quivering lips cry out revenge for wrongs they suffered from a Hapsburg prince? Ye can now rest, ye troubled ghosts; to Hapsburg's line is meted expiation deep for all its sins 'gainst you. And thou, dear Mexico, peace offerings did I hope to bring to thee, but bitter woe, instead, has followed on my steps.

Yet though thou clamorest for my life,
Still clings my heart to thee,
And may my blood atoning act,
That henceforth thou shall'st happy be!

(*Enter a detachment of soldiers who draw up in the background.*)

Maximilian.

(*After a short pause in which he observes the soldiers.*)

Poor Carlotta!

(*Curtain drops. Dead march with muffled drums.*)

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 871 478 4